

## Cape County Herald

(Formerly the Jackson Herald)

Published every Friday by the  
HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Subscription price: \$1.00 per year  
in advance.

Entered as second class matter at  
the post office at Cape Girardeau, Mo.  
under the act of March 3, 1879.

One page of the Herald's colored supplement was given over to the Jackson merchants, who were quick to see the value of the Herald as a medium in which to advertise their Christmas goods, but the Jackson merchants were not alone in their appreciation of a real advertising vehicle. The local merchants caught the idea and bought space to better introduce their wares, which shows all to have an insight into the value of proper advertising in the proper medium. Indications point to a heavy holiday business this year, and it is safe to say the people will do their shopping in Cape County, knowing that they can supply their many wants at home without going to St. Louis or some other larger city. We could have easily sold double the amount of space if we had had time from our regular duties to go out after it, and many who took small spaces asked for large ones, but we could not supply the demand. This is only a forerunner for the big edition we aim to issue later, and those who were unable to get positions in this colored supplement will be offered the opportunity in future. If our solicitors failed to see you don't think it was because we don't appreciate your business. As stated, above, we have been so rushed of late that we were compelled to hide our time sparingly—or in other words, "Grab time by the forelocks." At any rate, here's wishing the Cape and Jackson merchants who advertise with us, and those who don't advertise with us or anyone else, a happy Christmas and lots of customers. Here's also wishing the readers of the Herald the best of life's blessings, including a big goblet and plenty of schnapps; a long and happy life—even if you stop your paper. But don't fail to visit the merchants whose ads. appear in this paper in order to get all that's coming to you in this life.

Are you too busy, Mr. Business Man, to celebrate Christmas? Then just stop a minute to think. Your wife, your daughter, your son are preparing a celebration for you. No matter how busy you may be your little boy or your little girl will awake Christmas morning to find a well filled stocking. But how about the little one of the poor laborer out of work, or of the widow who has been too sick to take in washing? Who is going to be Santa Claus to these? Are they to be neglected because their parents are too poor? Are their childish dreams of Santa to be dashed away by sorrowing parents or are they to be left to awake to the cruellest shock of a child's life—the empty stocking? No, no—it must not be. Mr. Business man, you are not too busy to prevent a scene like this. Be a good fellow. Make some poor child glad and the joy you experience will be a new thrill—will give you a pleasure you never knew before. And you will watch your little one play with his toys in your comfortable home with a different view of life. And you'll be more satisfied with your station and with yourself. Let's don't let a single child suffer this Christmas.

A meeting of the land owners within the boundaries of the Little River Drainage district is called to meet at Morehouse December 28, at which time one member of the board of supervisors will be elected.

## A GLIMPSE OF YOURSELF.

Let it be Reading a Glimpse Letter You Wrote Years Ago.

There is nothing more interesting than to come across unexpectedly an intimate and gossip letter that one wrote some ten or fifteen years ago, in reading such a letter one is looking at oneself from the outside. The process is a good deal like looking out of the window and seeing oneself go past in the crowd. The strange part of the matter is that in reading such a document one is generally filled with a sort of pity for the fellow who wrote it. He seems to have been rather uncertain of himself. He groped for his facts and his ideas. Evidently he did not know much. He was merely an imperfect advertisement of the admirable person who is now overlooking his correspondence. But that is the first impression. But presently one feels differently about it. These half baked opinions may now have hardened into dogmas. We may now be cocksure of what once we only surmised. But who is so hopelessly wrong as the cocksure man? If the person one was fifteen years ago could contemplate objectively the person one is now perhaps he would pity the purblind dogmatist more than we pity the groping experimentalist. — New York Mail.

## SEE THE FUNNY SIDE.

Use Your Sense of Humor When Distressing Situations Arise.

Humor proves to be the saving grace of many a distressing situation. The trouble with most of us is that we take our troubles altogether too seriously. We fail to see the funny side of things that for the moment concern us, even though we are quick to grasp it when we are merrily on foot.

In the face of gathered clouds that seem to shut out the sunshine forever it is not a bad idea to remind ourselves that this old mother earth has been revolving on her axis for countless ages, that generations of men have come and gone for thousands of years and that the march of human progress has gone right along in the forward direction despite what seemed to be occasional setbacks.

Laugh and the world laughs with you. There is humor in nearly every situation if we can only see it from the right angle. Those of us who try to smile in adversity and think how much more laughable it would be if conditions were reversed at least feel less uncomfortable over it and take pleasure in looking forward to the time when the shoe will be on the other foot. — Omaha Bee.

**The Road to Thrones.**  
In the year 1716 a girl called Marie d'Arboudie was hired as a servant in an inn at Pierrefitte, France. She was the daughter of peasants named Dominique Habas and Marie d'Arboudie. A Beninois from the village of Boellh, whose name was Jean de Saint-Jean, stayed in this inn, saw the pretty maid, fell in love with her and on May 20, 1719, wedded her in the church at Assat. They had several daughters, the eldest of whom on Feb. 26, 1734, was married at Boellh to Henri Bernadotte, physician, son of Jean Bernadotte, master tailor. Their son was Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, who became king of Sweden and whose great-grandson and great-granddaughter are respectively King Gustave V. of Sweden, King Haakon VII. of Norway and the Queen of Denmark.

**Bedlam.**  
How many people use the expression "a regular bedlam" without knowing bedlam's "where or what." Bedlam was the popular corruption of Bethlehem, the name of an insane asylum in London, first established in 1532. Owing to the prevalent ignorance of that age, it was a place of chains and manacles and stocks and finally became so filthy and loathsome that no man could enter it. It was rebuilt several times, but even as late as 1812 the institution was marked by its cruelty to inmates. The poor inmates were chained and flogged at certain stages of the moon's age. Treacherous floors were arranged that, slipping suddenly, precipitated the unsuspecting ones into "baths of surprise."

**Two of a Kind.**  
Convict No. 671 (ex-burglar) leaped confidentially over to his companion, a new addition, and whispered: "What yer in for, sonny?" "Five years. And you?" "Same. Pinched a gold cup wot some one give as a prize in a race an' the thing turned out to be on'y gilt arter all. Whatcha larkin' at?" Convict 660 (ex-company promoter): "He, he! I'm the chap who gave the cup." — London Tit-Bits.

**Telling Tales.**  
"That," said the professor, "is an Egyptian queen. She is at least 3,000 years old." "My?" exclaimed the girl with large fluffy hair. "I'll bet she'd be annoyed if she knew you were telling it." — Exchange.

**Rubbing It In.**  
Patient (angrily): The size of your bill makes my blood boil. Doctor: Then that will be \$20 more for sterilizing your system. — Boston Transcript.

**Laying the Snare.**  
"For whom is she wearing black, her late husband?" "No, for her next. She knows she looks well in it." — Judge.

There is a difference between being busy and being industrious.

## ARABIAN COURTSHIP.

Sweet Sundry Envelops the Waiting and Winning of the Girl.

An Arab loves as none but an Arab can love, but he is also mightily excitable and easily won. An Arab sees a girl bearing water or brushwood and in a moment, almost at a glance, is as much in love as if he had passed years of courtship. He thinks of nothing else, often and dreams of nothing else but the girl he loves, and not infrequently, if he is disappointed in his affection, he pines and dies. In order to commence his suit he sends for a member of the girl's tribe and, first insuring his secrecy by a solemn oath, confesses his love and entreats his confidant to arrange an interview.

The confidant goes to the girl, gives her a flower or a blade of grass and says:

"Swear by him who made this flower and by also that you will not reveal to any one that which I am about to unfold to you."

If the girl will not accept the proposal she will not take the oath, but nevertheless keeps the matter perfectly secret from all. If she is favorably disposed to the match she answers:

"I swear by him who made the flower you hold and us," and the place and time of meeting are settled. These oaths are never broken, and it is not long before the ardent lover becomes the happy husband.

## TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

He Was Willing to Stand For a Dollar, and He Did.

It was 5:30, and the theater was crowded.

"What have you left?" a prospective purchaser inquired of the treasurer.

"How many, sir?" the treasurer asked.

"Two."

"I have two left in the twelfth row," the treasurer said, taking the tickets from the rack. "They're the last two seats I have in the house."

"How much?" the other asked cautiously.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"Two dollars?" the patron repeated. "I can't stand for that."

"Well, will you stand for a dollar?" the ticket dispenser inquired.

"Gladly," the other cried, sending a bargain and laying a dollar on the ledge.

The treasurer replaced the two tickets in his rack and handed out two others after placing the bill in his cash drawer.

"There they are, sir," he said.

"First door to your right."

The man and his friend hurried inside and "stood" for a dollar. The wily treasurer, taking him at his word, had sold him two admission tickets. — Lippincott's.

**History of the Sardine.**  
The sardine has been honored with a history, the writer being no less a personage than a member of the Societe Academique de Nantes. The sardine in the early days was brought in in small boats. Then came a police ordinance in 1738 in the interest of the poor classes against the monopolist. Owing to the police ordinance the sardine was a source of livelihood to the Bretons. Joseph Ciffin, whose name is still revered in Nantes, first prepared the fish with oil. His venture was a great success, and he had many imitators. In 1835 there was something like a crisis in the sardine industry. Millet, who was the chief curer, had his factory indicted as a nuisance, but the difficulty was overcome by removing it from the center of the town to the shore. Although the fame of the sardine was firmly established, it was only in 1855 that it received its apotheosis. Then it was shown in the Paris exhibition. — London Globe.

**Something to Show.**  
"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Sillicus angrily, "that you actually ordered \$10 worth of groceries of a total stranger at prices less than any wholesale dealer can buy them and paid for them in advance?"

"Yes, that's what I said," replied his better half.

"And you hadn't sense enough to see that it was a barefaced swindler named Sillicus. Well, your money's gone now, and you have nothing to show for it."

"Why, yes, I have, John," said his wife. "I have the man's receipt for the money." — Lippincott's.

**A Big Job.**  
"That is old Jed Wombat, our oldest inhabitant." "Why doesn't he get his whiskers trimmed?"

"Well, he does start a dicker with the barber every winter, but they ain't never been able to reach no agreement yet." — Washington Herald.

**His Cure.**  
"I have cured myself by learning to chew my food." "What have you cured yourself of?" "The belief that if I remained away from the office for more than ten minutes at lunch time everything would go to the dickens." — Chicago Record-Herald.

**Forgot His "First Aid."**  
"But how does she know that he doesn't love her?" "She fainted away the other evening, and he didn't kiss her before he called for help." — Houston Post.

**As a Last Resort.**  
Mother: I saw you kissing my daughter. "Yes, but only out of desperation. I couldn't think of anything to say to her." — Elgin (Blatter).

## THE OLD TIME DOCTOR.

His Hardships Were Many, and His Rewards Were Not Great.

The strongest impression gained in reading of the experiences of old time physicians is of their boldness and daring. Most of them were by necessity surgeons as well as doctors of medicine. Isolated often from other members of their profession and obliged to bear the entire responsibility of the welfare of their patients, they learned to rely upon themselves and to take chances that would make the general practitioner shudder in these days of many specialists and wide division of labor. Perhaps some ever undertook surgical operations who had no training in that line, but with no hospitals within reach, with few instruments and with the modern antiseptics and nursing systems undreamed of, they ventured to use the knife in critical cases and, as it appears, with a large measure of success.

They were faithful, hardworking servants of the public in the early day. They traveled by horseback over trails that took them through forests and swamps and across streams. Their field of practice often included a large territory, and they were necessarily out in all sorts of weather and encountered hardships of various kinds. Nor were the rewards great. Few of these old time doctors accumulated wealth, some of them not even a competence for old age. But it is easy to see that they were a force in the community and had much to do with the general development of the state. — Indianapolis Star.

## BIRTH OF A HYMN.

How Dr. Bennett Came to Write "The Sweet By and By."

The popular hymn, "The Sweet By and By," was written by Dr. S. F. Bennett at Elkhorn, Wis., in 1867, especially for "The Signet Ring," a book of hymns of which he is said to have written more than a hundred. At that time Bennett was associated with J. P. Webster, the composer, who had an exceedingly melancholy disposition. One day Bennett remarked to Webster, "Well, what's the matter now?" "It's no matter," dolefully replied Webster. "It will be all right by and by."

Bennett at once seized his pen and wrote the immortal words of the song. Webster, his gloom vanished, wrote out a few notes and played them on his violin, and these two, with N. H. Carver and S. E. Bright, were singing the hymn within half an hour from the time Bennett began writing. R. R. Crosby, who entered at the moment, exclaimed, "That hymn is immortal!"

Bennett was born at Eden, N. Y., in 1836. He resigned his position as editor of the Independent at Elkhorn to enter the war between the states and at the end of his service studied medicine and engaged in the drug business at Elkhorn till he became associated with Webster in song writing. He died at Richmond, Ill., in 1898. — New York Tribune.

**The Argan Tree.**  
Among the most remarkable trees of the world is the argan, which abounds in southern Morocco, but is seldom seen elsewhere. A "forest" of argans has a curious scattered appearance because the trees grow singly and far apart. They are very leafy, but seldom exceed twenty feet in height. The branches put out horizontally and begin a yard above the ground. Sheep, cattle and camels feed on the leaves, and goats will stand on their hind legs to reach them, but horses and mules refuse to touch them. The wood is very hard and extremely useful to the natives, who make charcoal from it. The fruit, resembling a large olive, is used to feed cattle and to manufacture a valuable oil. It also furnishes the principal sustenance of many of the poorer natives. — Scientific American.

**First Veterinary School.**  
As nearly as the facts can be got at the first veterinary school was founded in the city of Lyons, France, about the middle of May of the year 1761. Since 1761 veterinary schools have spread all over the civilized world, especially in Germany, France, England and the United States of America, in which advanced countries the horse has the benefit of as fine a science as that which exists for his master, man. — New York American.

**Her Answer.**  
He—I am going to make you a present of a bracelet for your birthday. Which do you prefer—silver or gold?

She is silent.

He—Well, which do you want?

She is silent still.

He—Why don't you speak? I ask you which do you prefer—silver or gold?

Then he suddenly remembered that "silence is golden."

**Creating an Impression.**  
"Is he really a great scientist?"

"I have my doubts," replied Miss Cayenne. "I suspect he is one of the scientists who get their reputations by sitting down to a dinner table and saying chloride of sodium instead of salt." — Washington Star.

**Her Choice.**  
"I believe there's good people in all denominations," Mrs. Lappling said, "but as for myself I always go to one of the orchard or churches." — Chicago Tribune.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. — Irving.

## FIGHT OFF WORRY.

Don't Waste Nervous Strength and Energy in Unpleasant Fretting.

The immediate cause of neuritis is poison in the blood; therefore our object is to keep the blood pure and healthy, as it is only when the blood is poor that the neuritis poisons develop in it. Poor blood is caused by lack of sleep, lack of fresh air, improper food and overfatigue, by too little exercise and by mental worry.

Nothing is easier to say than "Don't worry" and few things so difficult to carry out. But by "Don't worry" the doctors mean do not waste valuable nervous strength and energy in fretting over things beyond your control. Make a point of putting all anxiety from you during meals and sleep all when you go to bed. Train yourself to think of something cheerful as you try to go to sleep; otherwise your sleep will be harassed and fitful and will do you very little good.

He was a wise man who made it a rule to think of nothing disagreeable after 6 o'clock at night. He at any rate could never have been a victim to neuritis.

Keep up the general tone of the nervous system and you will have little difficulty in keeping off nervous ailments, notably neuritis. — London Mail.

## A FREAK OF NATURE.

The Curious Vegetable Caterpillar of New Zealand.

Among the many strange growths apparently freaks of nature, which are to be found in New Zealand the vegetable caterpillar readily ranks among the foremost. This caterpillar is several inches in length, is hairless and does not differ essentially in appearance from some of the caterpillars of our own land.

Its claim to distinction lies in the fact that when it gets ready to die it digs a hole for itself in the earth and completely buries itself. Later a slender green shoot springs from the spot. This bears two or more leaves near its top.

Upon investigation it is found that the green shoot springs from the head of the dead caterpillar, and further investigation develops the fact that the body of the caterpillar is filled with roots.

The form is retained without change, and the roots do not pierce through the skin or enter the ground. When dug up this dead yet living freak presents a most odd appearance, for the head and even the eyes of the caterpillar are distinctly seen, yet from the head is growing the green shoot, with its leaves.

**"A Child Shall Lead Them."**  
It was in Boston. They were having a "difference."

"After careful cogitation," said he, "I am firmly convinced that I displayed a deplorable lack of discernment in choosing you as the partner of my joys and sorrows."

"You are correct," said she, "and I am sure that I must have been suffering under a mental aberration to have given an affirmative answer to your impassioned pleading."

"I have realized," said Bartholomew, the four-year-old progeny, as he stepped from the nursery—"I have realized for several years that my parental affections were unreciprocated. I might almost say distasteful. But I have deemed it my duty to continue as 'the tie that binds.' Now I must insist that unless you show to each other the courtesies due my immediate ancestors I shall be forced to repudiate my relationship."

They embraced. Again a little child had won. — Brooklyn Life.

**Psychology of Sleep.**  
The psychology of sleep is a vast and little explored subject. Sleep depends to trance, trance to death. Therefore in life, speaking somewhat paradoxically, sleep is most akin to death. Whether the spirit is parted from the body and goes long journeys through space, or whether it is in a state of one long dream, parts of which we are alone conscious of, is a matter for the Society of Psychological Research. Yet many of us have dreamed things, seen things or even spoken and heard things in sleep which we have seen, heard or spoken later on in reality. We can more or less follow the stages up to the final sleep of all, but here we must pause, and, with Hamlet, in vain attempt to learn what lies beyond the veil: "And in that sleep of death, what dreams may come!" — London Globe.

**A Matter of Economy.**  
"But why do you wish to have a running account at the department store?" asked the husband. "Do you think it saves you anything?"

"Of course it does, you silly thing. Isn't that just like a man? It saves me more than you can imagine," answered the wife in a breath.

"But what does it save?"

"Time. I don't have to stop and ask the price of anything I want to buy." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Her Beautiful Hair.**  
"Maybelle, your girl friend has beautiful hair."

"It will pass, Tom."

"Why do you girls hate to admit that another girl has fine points?"

"In that case it wouldn't do to appear too enthusiastic. I lent her that hair." — Kansas City Journal.

**Feminine Reasoning.**  
Greta—Her gown is just like yours. Bella—I don't care if hers is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers. — Puck.

Civilization is first and foremost a moral thing. — Amiel.

## The Real Aristocracy.

The real aristocracy in any community are the people who, having a birthright in the place in which they live, and having girded themselves about with honor and integrity, know that nobody anywhere are better than they are. They can afford to live economically and plainly, and do their own work if they choose and because of these economies they can take in and enjoy the higher and better things of life. They do not need to have a lot of money or to put on airs; they are the real quality, and in their society the simply vulgar rich, who have nothing but their money to recommend them, would feel miserably lonesome and out of place. And in this very aristocracy you will find a greater degree of decency and refinement and comfort and happiness than anywhere else on earth. — Farmers Voice.

## City vs. Rural Babies.

One of the startling results of the baby health contest in Iowa was the victory of 3-year-old Charles O'Toole as the most nearly perfect in physique and the healthiest of any child of his age in the state. Master O'Toole was not reared on a farm in the country, as one might expect. On the contrary, he lives in Des Moines.

And this is what Mrs. Mary Watts, head of the Mother's Congress, has to say on the subject: "Among the 50 babies entered as contestants, 17 were from rural districts and the rest from Des Moines. The point I see in the result is that city children rank higher physically than country children. Why? Because city mothers are better informed and give more time to children's diet and care. The corn-fed boy and girl do not size up with the children reared in the hotel room. This is certainly enough to make one stop and think."

Mrs. Watts, if she is right, upsets all our traditions. But there is a question, indeed, as to whether proper care in restricted surroundings does not more than offset the advantage of a prodigal outdoor life without the care. At the same time it would hardly be safe to lay down a rule that city-bred children are more healthy than their brothers and sisters in the country without undeniable data to prove the fact.

The lead-smelting industry in 1910 had on the whole a busy year, according to a report on this subject by C. E. Siebenthal just issued by the United States Geological Survey as an advance chapter from mineral resources of the United States for that year. The total production of primary lead from all sources, domestic and foreign, made a gain of 5 per cent over that of 1909, and in this gain, in contrast to the preceding year, domestic lead played its proportionate part. Missouri made individually a larger gain than the whole domestic increase and produced over 43 per cent of the domestic output of lead. The total production of refined lead in this country in 1910 was 470,380 short tons, the greatest output in the history of the industry. In 1909 the production was 448,112 short tons. The total quantity of primary lead produced in Missouri in 1910 was 161,659 short tons; Idaho was next with 99,924 short tons, Utah third 57,081 short tons, and Colorado fourth with 35,685 short tons.

## A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poisoning and gangrene. Its the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds and also for Burns, Boils, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Chapped Hands, Corns or Piles. 25c at all Druggists.